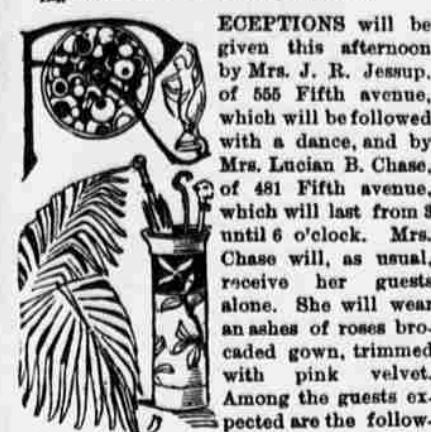


## TOLD AT FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

## MRS. JESSUP AND MRS. CHASE TO GIVE RECEPTIONS THIS AFTERNOON.

Gen. and Mrs. Alexander Webb to introduce their daughter, Miss Carrie Webb, to Mrs. Jessup. Mrs. Samuel Chase to give a dinner in honor of Miss Colt this evening—Various Social Events of Note.



Receptions will be given this afternoon by Mrs. J. R. Jessup, of 655 Fifth avenue, which will be followed by Mrs. Lucian B. Chase, of 481 Fifth avenue, which will last from 3 until 6 o'clock. Mrs. Chase will, as usual, receive her guests alone. She will wear an ashen of roses brocade gown, trimmed with pink velvet. Among the guests expected are the following named persons:

Mrs. Albert Guernsey, Mrs. Hicks-Lord, Mr. Livingston Hamersley, Mrs. L. M. Bates, Miss Bates, Mrs. Charles Fellows, the Misses Fellows, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Cisco, Mrs. J. C. Delaplaine, Mrs. Randall, Mrs. Gunther, Mrs. Lindley, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Peabody, Mrs. Charles Green, Mrs. Bernard, Mrs. Roland, Mrs. Charles Cornish, Mr. John Fitch, Mr. Smith Ely, Mr. and Mrs. August Downing, Mrs. George Elliott, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Philip Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Noel, Mrs. William Oakley, Mrs. Frank Stone, Miss Stone, Mr. Samuel Swan, Mrs. Edward Feeder, Mrs. Buck, Mrs. Coddington and Mrs. John C. Campbell.

Mrs. Coventry Waddell, of 110 East Eighty-eighth street, will give a tea on the afternoon of Wednesday, Dec. 14, between 3 and 7.30 o'clock.

Mrs. Charles Post, of 21 North Washington square, will give a dinner this evening.

Mrs. Edward Mitchell, of 45 West Fifty-fifth street, will give a tea this afternoon.

Mr. Elliott P. Sheppard, of 2 West Fifty-second street, will give a supper party this evening.

Mrs. William Gilson, of 8 West Seventy-fourth street, will give receptions on the afternoons of Jan. 4 and 11.

Mrs. James Toler, of 7 West Twenty-first street, will entertain the Friday Evening Dancing Club on Dec. 10.

The Manhattan Athletic Club will give a musical and ladies' reception on Thursday.

Gen. and Mrs. Alexander Webb, of 15 Lexington avenue, will give a reception to-morrow, when Miss Carrie Webb will make her debut.

A large ball will be given in Boston on the evening of Dec. 15 by Major and Mrs. George F. Brooks, who have engaged the banquet hall of the Vendome for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Harriman, of 24 West Fifty-seventh street, have cards out for a dinner, at which Miss Harriman, one of the daughters of this society, will be introduced.

Mrs. W. A. Rogers, of 34 Madison avenue, will give a tea on the afternoon of Dec. 13.

Mrs. Samuel Sloan, of 7 East Thirty-eighth street, will give this evening in honor of Miss Colt, the fiancée of her son.

Dr. and Mrs. Morris L. King, of West Fifty-sixth street, will entertain a number of friends to-morrow evening.

The marriage of Mr. Harvey Bostwick, son of Mr. William H. Bostwick, of Staten Island, and Miss Fannie Smith, granddaughter of the late John J. Cisco, will take place on Thursday, Dec. 16, at the Church of the Holy Communion.

Mr. Lawrence Jerome, Mr. F. J. Reamer, Mr. John Chamberlain, Mr. John Stokes, Mr. Charles Taylor, Jr., Mr. C. F. Kozar and Col. Thomas Ochiltree are stationed at "The Lodge," near the White House, Richmond, for a ten days' hunt.

Mr. Herman Ochiltree gave a dinner on Saturday evening in honor of his future brother-in-law, Mr. Richard Henderson.

Mrs. Minerva, of 60 Fifth avenue, will give a dance on the evening of Dec. 19.

Mrs. Frederick W. Root, of 47 West Nineteenth street, will give a large cotillion previous to her leaving the city for the South in January.

Miss Olive Graef will be introduced at the reception given to-morrow afternoon by her mother, Mrs. Charles Graef, of 55 East Fifty-seventh street.

Mrs. Duncan Cryder, of 35 West Nineteenth street, will give a dinner to-morrow evening.

Mrs. Butler Duncan and Mrs. Paul Dana are visiting Mrs. Harry Ingersoll at the Belvedere Hotel, Philadelphia.

The marriage of Mr. Newbold T. Lawrence and Miss Isabel Gillet will take place at 4 o'clock to-morrow afternoon at the Church of the Incarnation, Madison avenue and Fifty-fifth street.

**Frightened Him Away.**  
(From the Washington City.)  
He was a member of the Turf Club and was a favorite with his lady's friends. "Are you in favor of protection?" he said to the young lady one evening after a club meeting.

"Yes, Harry," she responded so tenderly that the young man handed in his resignation the very next day.

To one and all we say ADAMSON'S ROYAL COGNAC BALSAM. Best drugists.

**BERTHA'S FLIGHT.**

NE stormy afternoon in autumn Bertha Dale stood watching the large rain-drops as they chased each other down the window-panes. A shade of discontent was visible on her fair, girlish features. Of life's inevitable annoyances, Bertha most disliked a dull, rainy day, when she was forced to be alone; and just now, if the truth must be told, she was at a loss for occupation.

Her small, slipped feet tapped the carpet impatiently, and her snowy brow was slightly contracted. Suddenly the expressive face brightened—a resource had occurred to her.

"Yes," she exclaimed, in soliloquy, "there's no going out to-day, that's certain; but I think I can do it—at least I'll try! Harry thinks me such a mere doll! He never seems to expect anything useful from me. Indeed, he quite spoils me, the foolish fellow! But I'll see if I can't mend the lining of that overcoat which he tore so badly yesterday; and do it quite as well, too, as poor old Nancy, with her rheumatism. It will be such fun to hear him thank her when he finds it ready to put on; and then his look of surprise on hearing his good-for-nothing little Bertie do it! I will set about it at once!" And the young matron, now quite restored to her wonted cheerfulness, tripped off to her husband's wardrobe, singing some lines of an old ditty as she went.

Bertha Dale was a bride of some two months' standing. She had lost both her parents at an early age; but, by the provision of her father's will, she had been consigned to the guardian care of an estimable widow lady,

and intimate friend of the family, who, herself childless, had taken the orphan to her heart, and to the best of her ability supplied another's place.

Perhaps she had parted towards her charge one important article, to wit, her new trained bird to domestic usefulness nor given her the knowledge of a single household art; and would say, when anything was hinted at the advantage of such knowledge, even in the case of a beauty who was something of a heiress, "Oh, I could never think of wearying the dear child about plain needle-work, and such drudgery! She has quite enough to do as she is, and I will not weary her by telling her she makes surprising progress with her music and drawing, and she is really a prodigy in language!"

Easy-going Mrs. Price had not overrated Bertha's precocity. At sixteen she was really a most accomplished girl; and the next winter it was conceded by all her acquaintances that a more bewitching young lady had never been "brought out."

It was during the first season, at a soirée at some friend's house, that she formed the acquaintance of Harry Dale. Like many others, he was attracted at first, not so much by her delicate beauty, as by the charm of her high spirits and unconsciousness, which heightened its effect more than all the acquired accomplishments.

He soon obtained an entrée at Mrs. Price's, and followed up his advantages with such success, that in a few months Bertha's engagement to the rising young barrister was regarded by the society as a matter of course.

The maiden's nature was sincere and confiding, and Harry's ardent avowals were met, on her part, by a depth and fervor of attachments at least equal to his own.

A smile, half-roguish, half-doubtful, dimpled Bertha's cheek as she re-entered the parlor, carrying the garment she had spent the day in mending. Seated at her usual chair by the window, she opened her work, and after some searches produced from its recesses a thimble of fairy-like dimensions. The requisite materials were all there, and she had been fairly engaged on her task it seemed as though an angel's hand had never tried a housewife's skill.

In vain she sought to effect a lasting union between the edges, no looper was the fabric joined in one place than it would pucker and draw apart in another. Still she persevered, ripping and stitching, stitching and ripping again—until, her unaccustomed fingers sob-

ing and her patience worn out, she flung the garment from her with a little pettish exclamation. As she did so a folded paper fluttered from one of the side pockets to the floor.

Picking it up, she perceived it to be a note, delicately scented and directed to her husband in a neat, feminine hand! She was about to replace it at once, when she reflected that Harry had told her nothing of any female correspondent of his.

"Fah! this must relate to some trivial matter which he had forgotten. He had no secrets from her, she was sure. Why should she make herself miserable over these few words? Harry would doubtless explain all at dinner-time. She would go and prepare for that repast by putting on his favorite evening dress."

There has ever been but one result of such deliberations since Mother Eve inclined her ear to the tempter—Bertha yielded.

She opened the note and found only these words:

DEAREST HARRY:—

Meet me to-morrow evening. All is arranged. Be sure.

The color came and went in Bertha's cheek as she read, and a strong hand seemed tightening around her heart.

The incautious Harry had worn that coat the day before, and the appointment was for that very evening!

Had her husband's manner changed towards her of late? No; if anything, he had seemed to grow more affectionate? Why should she make herself miserable over these few words? Harry would doubtless explain all at dinner-time. She would go and prepare for that repast by putting on his favorite evening dress."

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